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DR. MILLS HAS A GOOD REMEDY FOR AN AGGRAVATED CASE OF OBESITY.



PUCK,

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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 11th, 1888. — No. 579.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"**S**HOW OUR CRITICS a great man," says Carlyle, noting the case of a certain priest who came out of obscurity, once upon a time: "they begin to what they call 'account' for him; not to worship him, but take the dimensions of him,—and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the 'creature of the Time,' they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing—but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work." It is but melancholy work, and wasted work, too, at the best. No man ever became what the world calls great by simple grace of blind chance or accident. Accidents happen, and life has its chances; but one man sees and profits by them while others let them pass unnoticed or, at least, unused. It is most unprofitable to look for the sequence of events which puts a man in any given place, high or low; another man with the same experience might have shaped his life after a wholly different fashion. The fortuitous concourse of troubles that sends one man to the poor-house would only have spurred another to such persistent exertion as would have brought success in the end. The prosperity to which one fortunate man is born would be to his neighbor an irresistible temptation to vice and idleness.

It concerns us much more to inquire, when we hear a man called great, in what his greatness consists; what may be his aims and his beliefs, and to what end he is carrying on the business of his life. By such inquiry only may we discover whether a man be really great or only notorious and powerful—for the world is likely to confuse these two widely differing estates. John Law was a great man, in the world's eye, when, at the beginning of the last century, he involved France and England in the vastest scheme of financial fraud that the world has ever known; he was great until the crash came, and he wrecked uncounted fortunes with his own. He was indeed the very idol of the people and of their rulers.

And it is only wasting words to say that he was, after all, but a Scotch adventurer, and that he succeeded in his schemes only because he lived in an age of profligate ignorance, and because he dealt with corrupt and incompetent governments. It was open to any other Edinburgh lad to do what John Law did—and no Edinburgh lad did it. All that concerns History now—and, by the way, it was all that really concerned the people with whom Law dealt—is the character of the work that Law did; and History must record on one page that Law was great among the people in his day; that he earned his eminence, and that that eminence was thoroughly bad. He was great; he was a great rascal; and he was not great by accident. We must give him now full credit for his abilities. But, with full credit given, what is to-day the measure of his greatness in the world's eyes? Do we wish to rank him among our great men?

Some seventeen years before Law began to inflate his famous South Sea Bubble, there died in England a man who in a long life of hard and unremitting toil in the public service was but once recognized as a great man. He was a man of small beginnings; he was poor and young when he found employment in the Admiralty Office. There he rose by gradual preferment to be Secretary of the Admiralty. His superiors and associates in office were mostly of the sort that disgraced the government of Charles the Second. Many were dishonest; almost all were incapable. On account of the general shameful mismanagement of naval affairs in the war with Holland, a parliamentary investigation was made, in 1668, into the conduct of the Admiralty's business. One by one the chiefs of the department came before the committee at Westminster, and fell into disgrace. Each had to cover up his own ignorance of the affairs given into his charge, to conceal his neglect of duty, and to excuse his own peculations; and each strove to shift the blame on some other. At last came Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty, and in a speech such as had not been heard in England in that age, proved, before a hostile tribunal, that the work of his office had been done as well and as honestly as the wretched conditions of the time allowed.

He did not try to throw the blame of its shortcomings upon his colleagues in the Admiralty; he did not even say, as he might have said with

truth, that he had done what they had left undone: he saved the credit of the whole office in vindicating his own honesty and loyalty. He was not a perfect man; he had made many mistakes; had done things which we could not condone, in this later day. But to the best of his light and knowledge, he had served his country faithfully and industriously, with a heart single to her service. He had been faithful among the faithless, and his faithfulness saved the administrative government of the Admiralty from utter ruin. It could not save it from the censure of Parliament; but that its members thoroughly deserved.

And then, for a little while, Samuel Pepys was great in all men's eyes. His great speech was commended by all men, low and high, from the King down—"and I find," he himself says, "the world almost rings with it." He held his place, and he so built up his office that the British Admiralty of to-day is the direct outgrowth of his efforts, and in some matters is governed in conformity with rules made by him more than two hundred years ago. Here is another kind of greatness. This man was not a specious, showy, brazen, popular fellow. He could never have cozened two kingdoms with a mad scheme of financiering. He was a plain man who, employed by the state, did his duty to the state, and, when it was done, lived out his life in obscure retirement and died in peace, and was buried. Yet was not his the greatness that Carlyle saw could not be "accounted" for—could not be measured by the miserable little foot-rule of the "little critic"? For when we come to account for the great cheat, after a century and three quarters, we find him great only in that he was a great cheat—and we take no account of what his world thought of him. But the honest man remains—he lasts. To-day his influence guides one division of a great nation's government. And yet, had you asked a good citizen of the time of Charles the Second to tell over the great men of the day, the name of Samuel Pepys would not have been in the list.

"A man of the old way of taking pains," they called him in that degenerate day. Is not that even now a good standard by which to test public service? Is all greatness to lie in bluster, noise, braggadocio, and what we are pleased to call "smartness"? These were the attributes of the men who were the official superiors of Samuel Pepys just two centuries ago. The world has forgotten their names. But the old fashion of honest service is still honorable. Those who have borne with us so far in this historical recital may forgive us if we suggest a modern instance. A few weeks ago, the presiding officer of the United States Senate told his distinguished audience that no man was so mean or so obscure that he might not be President of the United States, now that Grover Cleveland held that place. Mr. Grover Cleveland was a lawyer in one of our smaller cities. He became, successively, Sheriff and Mayor of his town, Governor of his state, and President of the United States. In every office he has done his duty "in the old way of taking pains." He has had no hand in the corruption of political life; he has never been the pensioner of corporate monopolies. As Sheriff, Mayor, Governor and President he has served the people honestly and wisely, "in the old way of taking pains." To our mind this gives him a claim to the regard and respect of the people that will not easily be shaken by the bluster of his enemies. The people will look at the work he has done before they decide whether or no he is President by accident—whether the Time has done everything for him, he nothing—but what the little critic could have done too.

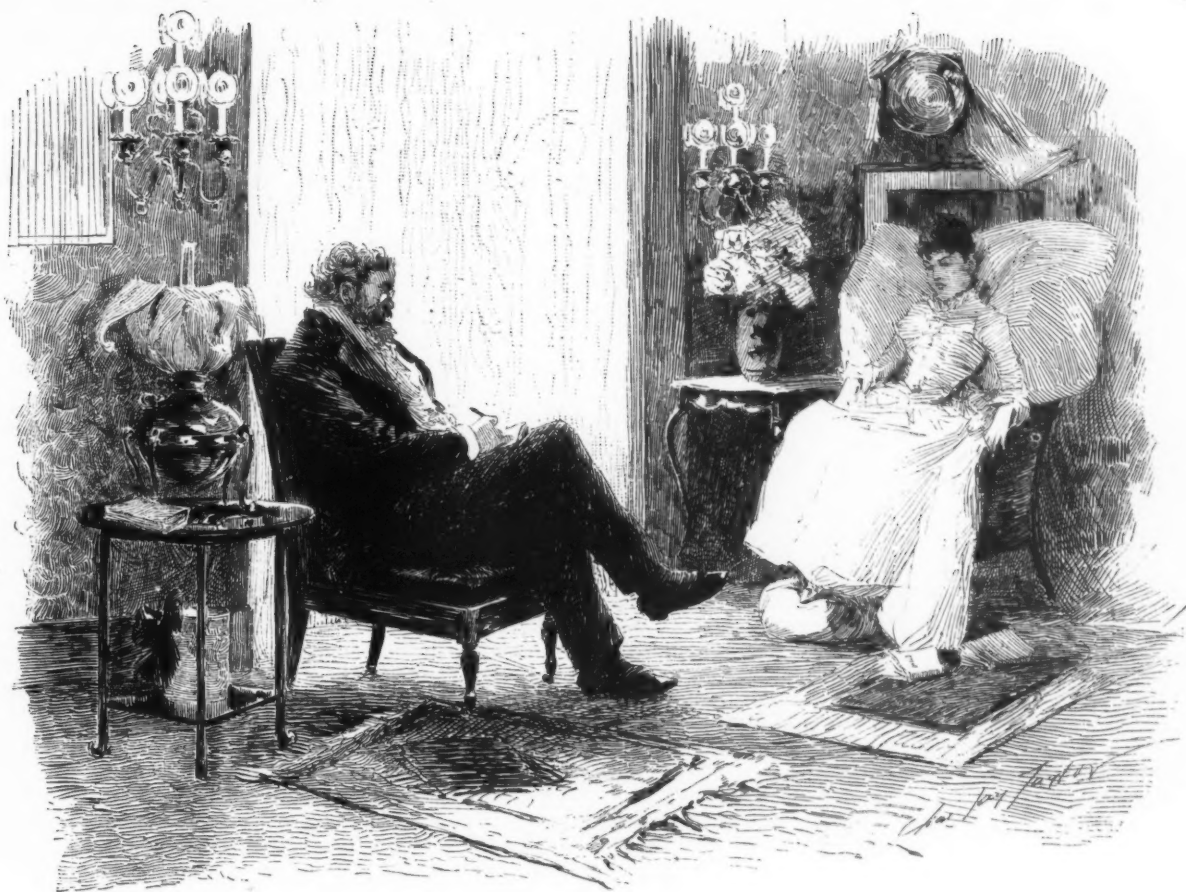


IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

MISS CULT.—I hear that you are an admirer of Russian literature, Mr. Hubson.

MR. HUBSON.—Why, really—'pon honor, you know, I have n't read a word—

MISS CULT.—That's strange. I was told the other day that you just devoured Caviare with the greatest delight.



A SOCIETY DISEASE.

DR. SCHMERZ.—Nervous prostration. You need rest.

MRS. AIKEN.—Why, I do nothing but rest!

DR. SCHMERZ.—Well, try some light employment. Watch other people work.

THEY ALL DO IT.



AN ENGLISHMAN, Frenchman and German,
Each speaking a language his own,
By one of the chances of travel,
It happened, together were thrown.

They hunted for something to cheer them,—
At talking they had n't much luck,
Till Frenchy caught on to the train-boy—
"Eureka!" he cried: "*Voila-Puck!*"

MORAL.

And they lived to a good old age, and were ever afterward happy.

W. J. Lampton.

IN THE PRESENT STATE OF BUSINESS.

"You fellows down in Wall Street take it pretty easy, it seems to me," a friend observed to Mr. Kirby Stone, the other day. "I called in to see you last week, and your clerk told me you had gone to lunch half an hour before; and I waited more than an hour, and you had n't come back, so I left. An hour-and-a-half for lunch—that's doing pretty well."

"An hour-and-a-half?" said Mr. Stone, gloomily. "Great Scott, Smith, how long do you think it takes to walk all the way up to the Jim Fisk and back? Who d'ye think I am, anyway—Charley Rowell?"

THE FORCE OF ASSOCIATION.

"I see Young Hyson is going to marry that Miss Snaggheister, the dentist's daughter," remarked Mr. Meadowbrook Hunt to Mr. Kirby Stone, the other day: "do you know her?"

"Ya-as," said Mr. Stone: "met her at dinner the other day, and, by gad, I don't see how Hyson can do it. Why, every time that girl put a doyley near her mouth, I had a sort of g-r-r-r kind of a pain go right down the roots of my back teeth, and, by thunder! I smelled creosote!"

A WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

"He is very plainly dressed; but from his authoritative and commanding air I should say that he either has a large bank account, or is a General of the army."

"No, you're mistaken; he's an Irish policeman in citizen's clothes."



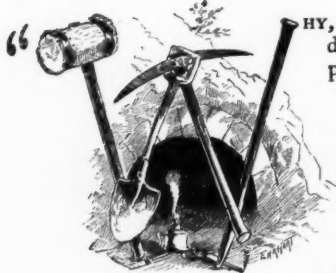
HIS REVENGE.

MR. OUTWIT.—How 's everything out in Oskosh, madam?

FAIR TRAVELER.—You're mistaken, sir. I'm a New Yorker.

MR. OUTWIT.—Knowing that the Psyche twist was called in a month ago, I would n't have believed it.

IN THE AQUEDUCT.



"HY, NO," said the Aqueduct doctor: "I did n't want to take charge of all those polyglot toughs; but I had to oblige the contractor—he's an old patient of mine—and so I undertook to see to his men once a day—took 'em as a sort of job lot, so to speak."

"Well, now, I tell you, it's no joke. Every blessed day, at eleven o'clock, I go up there to the shanty where they pay 'em off, and there are all the sick drawn up in line—Italians, Poles, Norwegians, Roumanians—I don't

know what. They'll take anything that can stand on its hindlegs to work in that Aqueduct. Well, I ask 'em, one after another, what's the matter with 'em. I can talk a little French, and a little German, and I can kind of scratch along in Italian and Spanish. Don't get much information out of 'em; but I sort of size the case up. Fellow says something about his head. Well, that may be neuralgia, or it may be abscess of the brain—I give him something that'll more or less do for both. Or may be he's talking about his stomach—well, I ladle him out something that'll let him know I've been around, and trust to the beneficent forces of nature.

"Risky? Oh, no! I don't believe anything affects 'em much. It's more a matter of faith than a question of medicine. Give 'em something nasty enough, and they think they're going to get well right off. Got to be nasty, though. That's what they believe in. The nastier it is, the better they like it. They don't think medicine can be good unless it's nasty. If you give 'em anything sweet or tasteless, they think you mean to fool 'em. Lord, if one of those homœopaths, as they call 'em, was to go up there and prescribe for those cusses, they'd tear him limb from limb. Good grind, would n't it be, to get one of those fellows to take my cases for a day, while I was off?"

"I tell you, I have to go back about three hundred years in dosing those fellows. 'T ain't any sitting down and writing prescriptions, you understand. I take my stock along, and dose 'em right as they stand in line—this way: 'Hullo, Tommaso Frangipanni, what's the matter with you? Back aches, eh? Here, gimme a pint measure for Frangipanni. So—there—take this—you'll be all right to-morrow.' If he ain't all right to-morrow—why, I give him a quart. You bet he's all right the next day. He ain't hankering after a gallon of what I give him."

"What do I give 'em? Oh, Lord! most anything that's strong enough. Calomel—quinine—that sort of thing. I tell you, I jalap those fellows right up to their eyes. They generally come around all right in a day or two, and then they want to kiss me. That's the tough part of the job. They're so blamed grateful, that after I've cured a man and he's expressed his gratitude by hugging me to his bosom, I don't get the garlic out of my system for a week."

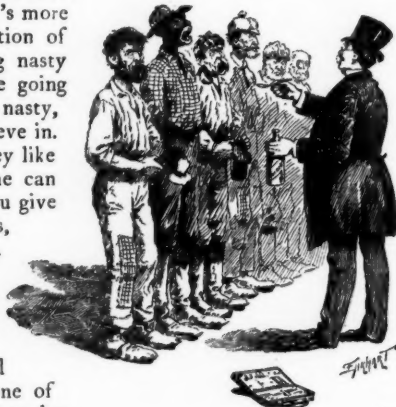
"Slipped up once, though. Called in to see a fellow in bed, in one of those dark little cabins where they stow them. Could n't get on to his dialect—tried all I knew—put in a little Latin, even, but I could n't seem to get there."

Pulse high, fever, congested appearance generally—how would you have diagnosed the case? Gave him my trump card—the old-fashioned black draught that the prize-fighters used to take when they began training—sure to reduce any man to as near a skeleton as he can get and live. Next day I went again. No better. Gave him a double dose. Then I felt sure I had him. Looked in, the day after that, all bright and confident. No better—good deal worse. Pulled out the old bottle—by Jove, the fellow went for me with a knife. Chased me

clean up the hill, until some of the engineers put him on his back. Then we got an interpreter, and had an explanation, and found out what was the matter.

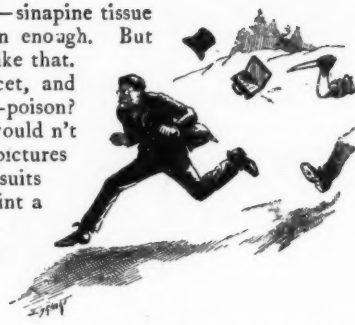
"What was it? Oh, nothing; only I had to reverse the treatment. I tell you, medical science sometimes has to feel its way pretty cautiously."

"But the best fun is when they want a counter-irritant. I give 'em



raw mustard-plasters in mild cases—sinapine tissue won't do—does n't blister the skin enough. But iodine's what catches 'em. They like that. I scratch 'em a little with a lancet, and that makes it burn. Poison? Blood-poison? Why, bless you, sulphuric acid would n't worry those fellows. Then I paint pictures on 'em with the iodine, and that suits 'em right down to the ground. Paint a duck or a pig with three curls in his tail on one of those Italians, and he thinks he's fixed for life."

"Well, yes, it's a lively job; but it's a sort of fun. You come up with me to-morrow, and see me give one of those sons of sunny Italy a seidlitz-powder in two separate doses and give 'em a chance to effervesce inside of him. How quick can you do a mile?"



A WATER RAT must be considered very uncanny in æsthetic Boston, for a young lady of the Back Bay recently alluded to one as the *hydro-mys chrysogaster* of Tasmania. Why did she not simply call it a non-union compositor on a temperance paper.

WE ASSUME, on general grounds, and without any deep or profound investigation, that the famous Mr. Gallagher, whose name is so much in the mouth of the public just now, was a starter on a race-track.

THE REASON a Socialist will sit in a beer saloon all day, instead of working in the open air, is that he is afraid of getting a sun bath.

IF MUCH LEARNING makes a man mad, and a little learning is a very dangerous thing, what is the poor Bostonian going to do?

CHESTER.—Hanby, why are you like the play called "A Dark Secret?"

HANBY.—Give it up.

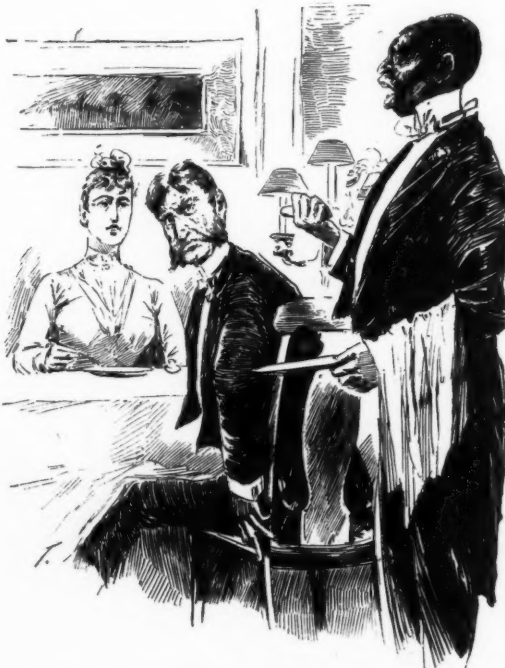
CHESTER.—Because you are built around a tank.

IF YOU want to know just what kind of a sanitarium any particular place is, just compare the gazetteer account with the highly-colored poetical blast worked into the newspaper announcement.

HE.—I read something funny the other day. It was about a man who had invented a parlor lamp which would go out promptly at 10 P. M.

SHE.—How nice!

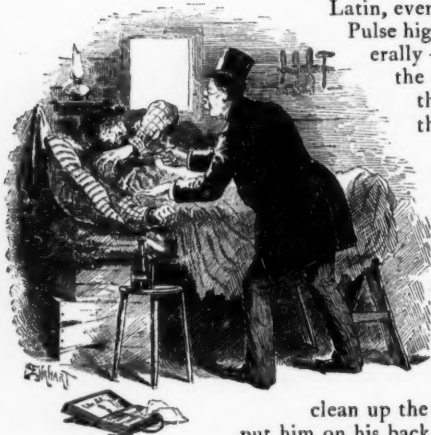
And he has n't yet made up his mind whether it was a hint to go or to turn down the gas.



THOSE CRUEL MEDICAL STUDENTS.

(DOCTOR CARVER has disappointed his quiz class to dine with a wealthy patient.)

BUTLER (re-appearing after answering the front door-bell).—Doctor, dey's a gemplemum outside what say he come like you tole him call at harf-pas' seving, an' say Mrs. Lenox Hill wan' to see you right 'way!



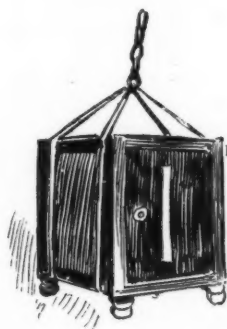


Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

VI.

TOLEDO, O.

Prouder than Venice, fair child of the sea,
Toledo: the pride of the muddy Maumee.



TOLEDO ever grows out to the Union Station, Toledo will be a big city.

The Toledo Union Station beats anything around New York for beauty. The ten minutes which are allowed to through passengers for lunch are consumed by many of them in admiring the tiled floors, brass railings and gilded chandeliers in the waiting room. Some say they can get more satisfaction in this way than they can at the

lunch counter; and those who lunch there seem to believe it.

The view of Toledo from the Union Station is limited in extent. Just a few spires and a little curling smoke can be seen away off beyond a vast expanse of cobble-stones and yellow loam.

A bob-tailed street car stands on a turn-table near the station; and, though you may not be fortunate enough to get inside of it, you can secure standing-room on the bob, and ride to the city for a nickel.

As you teeter along, you will observe increasing signs of civilization; and, when you learn from the posters that "The Tin Soldier" is in town for three nights, you begin to think Toledo must be something of a place. Later, when the clerk in the brown-stone hotel asks you whether you will have a room at four dollars a day, or upwards, you realize, with a sensation of dizziness, that Toledo is one of the towns.

So it is.

When a Toledo man undertakes to tell you all about the advantages the city has to offer to manufacturers, he may deal in glittering generalities, and, perhaps, flounder about a little until he comes to "the location," natural gas, and the Maumee River. Then he is at home, and he talks to the point.

At least two of these, "the location" and the Maumee, are possessed by Toledo alone; and he knows it, and makes the most of it.

The Maumee is a majestic stream, old gold in color, and very vigorous for one of its years.



The writer of this article once said to a Toledo business man: "Where does the Maumee rise?"

"It rises right here in our office," was the reply. "Last spring we had it six feet four and a half inches deep."

"Ah," we said: "that explains why your safe swings by that — that — hanging lamp arrangement."

"Yes, sir," he answered:

"every night after the 1st of February we shove it up above high-water mark."

The Maumee is spanned by numerous temporary bridges. These bridges are always renewed when the river has sobered up after its annual spree.

The Maumee furnishes to the citizens of the city a luscious fish, called the Sauger — apparently a sort of a stunted, wall-eyed pike afflicted with the yellow jaundice.

The Sauger is sometimes included in the hotel menu, under the non-committal name of "Fresh Fish, Boiled." The Sauger is pronounced by competent connoisseurs to be nearly as good as a bunker.

But the Maumee, besides its beauty, its vigor, and its fruitfulness, offers a natural and commodious harbor for the maritime commerce of Toledo.

Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit will please laugh.

These cities always laugh, for some reason or other, when any allusion is made to the maritime commerce of Toledo.

Toledo is destined to become a great manufacturing centre. Her natural advantages place her far in advance of her rivals; and, in the race for supremacy, she must inevitably distance them all.

Toledo is not unique in this respect, however, as the same is true of every city west of Rome, N. Y.



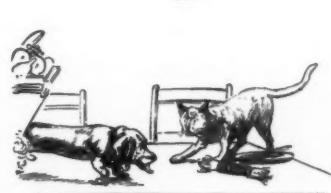
Morris Waite.

THE INQUISITIVE DACHSHUND, THE DISPUTATIOUS CAT, AND THE RIMMEL'S CRACKER.

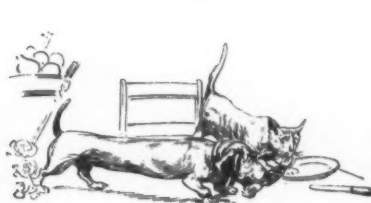
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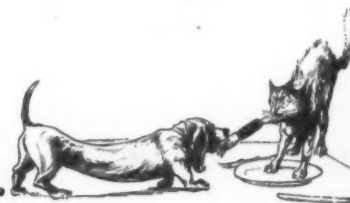
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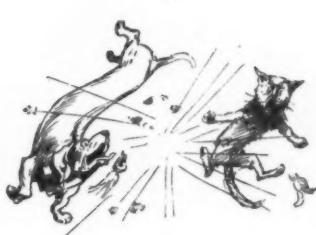
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IV.



V.



ON PROBATION.

ARKANSAS JUDGE.—Queer thing, that, about Keyser.

ARKANSAS COLONEL.—How 's that?

ARKANSAS JUDGE.—Reformed, you know.

ARKANSAS COLONEL.—Joined the church, eh?

ARKANSAS JUDGE.—Well, no; he's only on probation now. I heard him arguing last night that it was wrong to kill a man on Sunday.

HER ONE CONSOLATION.

AUNT DINAH.—Ef I wa' yo', Pomp, I'd try git a job o' whitewashin'.

POMPEY.—Yo' jus' understan', Missus Dinah, dat I'se changed my perfesshun. I'se done come out as a labor reformer.

AUNT DINAH.—Den all I'se got ter say, Mister Pompey, is dat it's mighty lucky dat I owns a wash-tub.

LIKE SON, LIKE FATHER.



YOUNG SHUFFLER (*looking out at the window of his room, at Coldeck University*).—Gather up those cards, boys, and get out of sight, quick! Here come Pop and Uncle George, to pay me a visit; they're down on games of chance, and if they find company here, they'll think I'm neglecting my studies!

A WORTHY CHARITY.

MISS MINNIE BALL.—Have you heard of the latest Washington society fad?

MRS. BUTT.—No; what is it?

MISS MINNIE BALL.—Making ear-muffs for the Senators.

MRS. BUTT.—Why! What for?

MISS MINNIE BALL.—So they can't hear Ingalls talk.

THE DRUGGIST makes only a fair profit, on the average. Nay—repress the cruel gibe, the heartless sneer! We said on the average. He may corral a few hundred per cent. on prescriptions and patent medicines; but look at the narrow margin on postage-stamps!

WE HAVE no prejudice whatever against the colored race; but we may be permitted to remark that we can get along a great deal better with a nigger than we can with a negro.

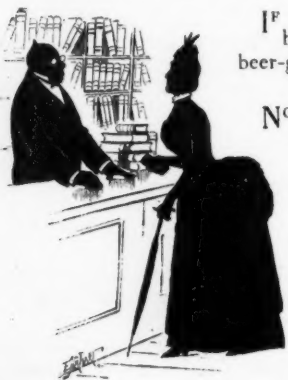
LEAVES NOT A WRACK BEHIND.

MR. SAW (*excitedly*).—I tell you, the truth will out!

MR. INSTANCE (*calmly*).—Yes, indeed; and I notice that it will out of some men so thoroughly that it does n't seem to leave a trace behind.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS, at Washington, has not been held in vain. Between two and three thousand husbands left at home have enjoyed a period of heavenly rest, whilst their fervent spouses proceeded to smash the enemy.

SINCE, ACCORDING TO Ward McAllister, there are only four hundred fashionable people in New York, Dr. Dix ought to pluck up confidence in his fight with the devil.



IF THE SEA continues its ravages, there won't be left enough of Coney Island to grow a beer-glass chestnut on.

NO MATTER HOW lovely the baby may be, he is still loveliest in repose.

AIMING AT ORIGINALITY.

ST. LOUIS BOOK DEALER (*to customer*).—In selecting a library, madam, you will, of course, want a set of Dickens's works, complete?

MRS. IPPIE RIVER.—No, I think not. Everybody has Dickens's works.

THE MONONGAHELA STYLE.



When the shaving operation was over, the barber lathered his customer's face, ears, hair and neck until his head looked like a big snowball.

"What in thunder are you doing," spluttered the customer, blowing soap from his mouth: "trying to smother me?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the barber: "I forgot myself for the moment. I used to work in a Pittsburgh shop."

WHATEVER MAY BE a man's energy or ability, a good start in life is not to be despised. Pickled tripe at a free-lunch does n't compare with the productions of a ten-thousand-dollar gastronomical director.

AN ATLANTIC CITY druggist sells Puck, because laughter is the poor man's plaster.

A GOOD TITLE for a Western novel in the style of "The Bostonians" would be "The Chicagonauts."

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

MR. FRANKLIN MILLS.—What's the latest news this evening, Amos?

MR. AMOS KEAGUE.—Why, have n't you seen the *Mail*? They've pretty nearly got through with the creation today.

THE MAN who has been nursing an open wood fire the whole of a cold winter's day will tell you that he can give the concrete and terra-cotta fellows some points on fire-proof building.

"I'D LIKE to have you try this tea, ma'am," said the salesman in a Boston grocery store: "elegantly bound copy of 'Sordello' with every pound, chromo of the poet and full set of his works, gilt-edged, given away to purchasers by the box."

Three Minutes Later.

SHUFFLER, SENIOR.—Ha, we're in luck, my boy! The youngster is in his class-room, I s'pose. Just get the cards and chips out of your bag—I'd like to dust you a few hands, to see if I can't get back that jack-pot I lost on the train. They always ring a bell when the class is dismissed, so we'll have plenty of time to put everything out of sight!

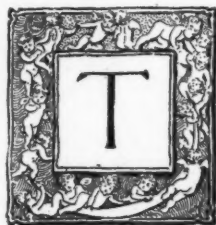


CHORUS.—Bless you, my children, bless you!

HAPPY EFFECT OF FIRMNESS IN THE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

I discipline my kitten gray,
Though she's the best of cats;
And when she fails to catch the mice,
She always catches rats.

THE FLOWER CURTAIN.



THE LITTLE sick child sat at the window, looking out on the meadow, which was still gray and barren.

It was a bleak, blue day; and now and then a handful of snowflakes went scurrying by in the madcap wind to let people know that winter was not yet dead.

The sick child was anxiously watching for spring, when she could go out and play among the birds and flowers. The only suggestion of

spring she could get was from the rose at her elbow in the glass of water, and the song bird in the cage hanging just above her.

But one day, when the rose hung over the edge of the tumbler, wilted, and the little sick child wondered if the bird were also waiting for the smile of spring to throw it into a singing mood, the sky seemed to take on a softer and more cheering aspect.

And, shortly after, the gentle rain began to fall in crystal strands. The sick child laughed with delight, as she looked upon the silvery ropes that ran diagonally from the earth to the sky.

It had been pouring quite a while, when the wind started up and commenced frolicking in the skeins of the silvery shower. And before the wind had been playing its merry pranks very long, the soothing pearly shower became such an odd maze that it looked as if the wind were trying to tangle it up somehow, and bear it where it pleased on its merry wings. Finally, the rain was crossed in every direction, and the child, who was watching it, saw it in such a way that to her steady gaze it appeared like a great embroidery frame.

Now and then she would see a flake of pink appear in it, and this pink flake would be followed by a blue one; and then a small ultramarine light would flash across it. And in a little while these were followed by others, until the pink flakes formed burning roses, and the blue ones violets, and the ultramarine lights humming birds. The invisible fingers of many invisible spirits were deftly at work; for flower after flower appeared, and pretty birds darted among them. An occasional snowflake would be caught in the silver threads, and, before it could escape, be transformed into a meek, white violet. And then lissome vines would stretch their slender, green leaves in the air; and a dab of gold would fly into the mystic fabric; and the sick child could not tell whether it was a yellow bird or a yellow rose. So nimbly did the invisible fingers spin, that in a very short time the frame was a waving, trembling sea of beautiful birds and flowers; and the strands of rain upon which they were so deftly woven could not be seen. It seemed like the curtain of fairyland, hung from the sky that mortals should not see the wonders upon the other side.

And then the sun burst forth, and the curtain seemed alive with song and fragrance.

"Oh," thought the poor little sick child, who was so delighted that she forgot her sickness: "suppose that beautiful curtain should be drawn back to heaven?"

But it was not drawn back; the wind blew up a little harder, and the upper end of the curtain that could not be seen commenced to sink toward the horizon. And, finally, it lay on the earth, a dazzling sea of vivid color. And when it stretched away out of sight, and the same invisible fingers buttoned it to the earth with roses, the birds rose from it and sang their daintiest lyrics, the bird in the cage responded with a tender song that gushed from his heart, and the little sick child clapped her hands with delight, for she knew that the spring had come. R. K. M.

HOW SHE REFORMED HIM.



MRS. KLUBBEMANN.

— That 's just what I want, Mr. Brushes. I'll send you a check the first thing to-morrow!



MR. KLUBBEMANN (next day, after coming in late the night before).— By ginger! I must have had a racket last night, to look like that. I'll have to ease up a little on this sort of thing!



A CRACK AT THE TRUTH.

NEAR-SIGHTED STRANGER.— Is this one of the new electric cars?
DRIVER (whose horses have met with an accident).— It 's pfwat they calls a "Broadway Arcade" car. It can't go anny farther 'till th' shtock 's raised!

THE BACKWARDNESS of the spring is accounted for. Nature has inspected the green tints that are to be fashionable this year, and is trying to make arrangements for pink foliage. Nature retains her self-respect.

NEW AND APPROVED RENDERING OF AN OLD PROVERB— A Spiritualist and his money are soon parted.

WE ARE TOLD that Rhode Island will give the Republican candidate a handsome majority. How in the world will Rhode Island do it?

VANDERBILT WILL BE astonished at the cheapness of his ten thousand dollar cook, if the latter has to replace the porcelain he breaks out of his salary.

THE NEW JERSEY pastoral poet now takes off his hat to Mr. Homer, and sings the Catalogue of the Morris Canal Boats.

WARD MC ALLISTER, whoever he may be, informs the great American public that the exclusive society of New York is limited to four hundred souls. This ought to be a good chance for some dime museum to make arrangements for a bench show.

ONE of Sullivan's return blows might be appropriately called a counter-irritant.

SOON WILL the school-boys venture into the wood on Saturdays; and, when you hear a yell that sounds like the screech of a saw-mill whistle at noon, you will know that some new-comer has been cajoled into biting into the May apple, that turns out to be an Indian turnip.

THE HOUSES are built so close together in Atlantic City, that women can borrow kettles and flat-irons through the windows without going out-doors.

THE ROSE is blooming in the glade,
Wherein the lily nods;
And Patrick, with a shining spade,
Is whacking down the sods.



QUALITY COUNTS.

J. Hoffmann, Lith. from original, N.Y.

PUCK.

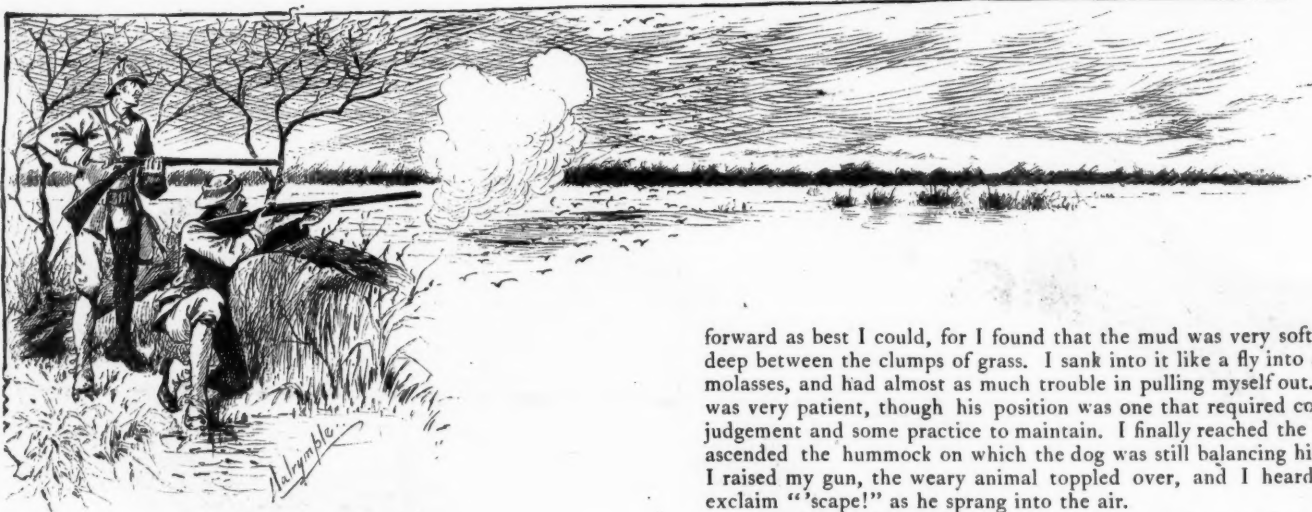
There was a great stir made among the Beasts, which could boast of the largest family. So they came to the Lioness.

"And how many," said they, "do you have at a birth?"

"ONE," said she, grimly; "but that one is a Lion!"

— *Æsop's Fables, LXVIII.*





ENGLISH SNIPE SHOOTING.

THE English snipe is the most subtle of the beasts of the field. He bloweth whither he listeth, and he usually getteth there about thirty minutes before you are quite sure that he has started. All sportsmen desire to be considered good snipe shots, because he is the hardest bird in the world to hit. I mean to hit with shot fired out of a shotgun. I think a good player could hit one with a base-ball bat, because the bird flies much after the manner of the erratic curved ball of the moderns.

I have had a great deal of experience as a sportsman. I have shot the fierce chipmunk from his airy perch on the top of a five-rail fence, and I have knocked the euphonious cat-bird stiff from the limb of a sour-apple tree. I have also slain the giddy mud-hen and the wily woodchuck. But never, till last week, did I go gunning for English snipe. A friend lured me into it; but he is now a wiser man, and so am I.

He and I and Rockingham Spot (a dog) started out early in the morning for the happy hunting grounds. My friend told me that the English snipe was a bird of retiring disposition, and of damp habits; he sought as his dwelling place the marshes, where he could feed on sand-worms and other delicacies of the early Spring, while he lay concealed from public observation between the hummocks of marsh grass.



"When he rises to fly," said my friend, "he utters a sound like the word 'Scape,' and he frequently does 'scape. He starts off at a great speed, and with a twisting flight which is very puzzling to the beginner, because it upsets his belief in the regularity of the earth's revolutions. But, of course, it will not disconcert an old-timer like you. All you have to do, is to let him twist away for a moment or two. Before he gets out of gunshot he will stop twisting and fly straight; and then all you have to do, is to put up your gun and knock him over."

I had my doubts about the success of this scheme, but I concealed them. We proceeded to the hunting grounds, which presented a wide and monotonous aspect of mud and brown marsh grass. Rockingham Spot scented the battle from afar off, and began to dance up and down over the marsh, while we walked along its edge. Presently the dog began to move cautiously, and my friend said:

"You go ahead and take the first shot. The bird will undoubtedly be found hiding behind a hummock."

Presently the dog paused on the edge of a tall hummock, and, elevating his back to a considerable angle, pointed straight downward. I hastened

forward as best I could, for I found that the mud was very soft and very deep between the clumps of grass. I sank into it like a fly into a quart of molasses, and had almost as much trouble in pulling myself out. The dog was very patient, though his position was one that required considerable judgement and some practice to maintain. I finally reached the place, and ascended the hummock on which the dog was still balancing himself. As I raised my gun, the weary animal toppled over, and I heard the snipe exclaim "'scape!" as he sprang into the air.

I had been led to believe that there was only one snipe there; but there certainly had been a convention. The air was full of snipe. They did n't twist; they gyrated. They whirled around like ten thousand feathered pin-wheels; they whizzed; they radiated. I saw whole constellations of English snipe revolving in space like a cataclysm of unshackled asteroids. My eyes bulged out; my lungs nearly burst; my heart beat like a tympani-player in a Wagner opera; my ears buzzed with the buzz of a thousand buzz-saws. I was somewhat startled. I think I neglected to fire. I should n't be surprised if I dropped the gun. I know I found mud on it afterward. At the time, I heard about twenty reports; but my friend afterward assured me that there had been only one.

"Did you fire into the flock?" I inquired.

"What flock?" he asked.

"The flock of snipe," I said.

"There was only one snipe," he said, "and here he is." And he held out a miserable little bit of a bird. I did n't say anything; but I know I saw thousands of snipe. He managed to hit only one of them, and tried to lie out of it by saying that's all there was. Why, if I had fired, I could not have helped hitting a dozen. If I had n't slipped and dropped my gun, I should have bagged a fine mess.

However, I got even with my friend. We started again, and after proceeding down the marsh for a mile or two, the dog once more showed symptoms of distress. But, somehow, we could not urge him on. He looked at me so sadiy every time I spoke to him, and then stole around to the other side of my friend and whined. So I said I would go and find the snipe myself. I waded in, and, proceeding

cautiously, soon came in sight of the largest snipe ever seen.

He was standing on one foot, on the end of a small log which projected over the water. I gazed upon him in silent awe, for I knew that if he should fly up and begin to revolve, there would be an earthquake.

I determined to slay him while he stood upon one foot and dallied with his fate. I rested my gun on the limb of a bush, offered a silent prayer, took a long and careful aim, and fired. The snipe fell dead.

"Hit him?" shouted my friend.

"Dead bird," I answered.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

Then I carried my snipe over and laid it in triumphant silence at his feet. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's not a snipe!" he exclaimed: "it's a bittern."

Brethren, I treated him with contempt; and, slinging my king snipe over my back, left him then and there. I may be a young man, and an inexperienced searcher after long-billed game; but when I have seen ten thousand small snipe all at once, I think I ought to know a big one when I see him sitting on a log.



IN NEW JERSEY.

"One thing, Maria," said the tarred-and-feathered gentleman, as his wife was plucking him, after the festivities: "the tar ain't no special use; but there's 'most a dollar's worth of feathers on me."

AT AN ATLANTIC CITY BOARDING-HOUSE.

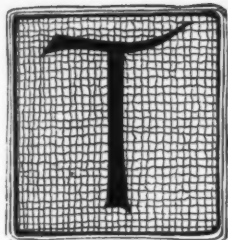
MR. BROWNE STONE (*suddenly meeting a friend*).—Down here for your health?

MR. OSBORNE FLATTS.—Yes; came down to starve a fever.

WORKS THE GROWLER.

PROHIBITIONIST (*to Atlanta YOUNG MAN*).—Young man, are you addicted to the use of strong drink?

YOUNG MAN (*frankly*).—Well—yes, sir; I jugulate occasionally.



THE SADDEST ARE THESE — IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE SUN its mellowed
radiance sheds
Upon the Empire states-
men's heads;
'Neath where the classic
arches rise
In treacherous beauty to
ward the skies.

Though direst doubt their strength assails,
Their fancied safety still prevails.

And now, with ready wit and lore,
A doughty leader holds the floor;
Absorbed in patriotic trance
He scarcely marks the frightened glance
Of every eye, where, o'er his head,
A massive block, whose seams have spread,
Is slowly breaking from its hold —
And is it thus that tale is told,
That he, whom man ne'er put to rout,
By soulless rock should be wiped out?

In broadest day or deepest dark
Death ever loves a shining mark!
"Dodge, Jimmy! Run! Put on your hat!"
They wildly urge, this way and that.
One Eagle eye aloft he flashes,
As, losing hold, it downward dashes!
One moment does he calculate
The distance, density, and weight;
Its rapid course with care he traces,
And in its track himself he places.
Now, "Suicide! Art mad?" they cry.
"Mad at that stone," his stern reply.
Then quick as thought his head he flops,
And on his cheek the huge stone drops!
Ay, stop your ears, Assemblymen!
Such sound shall ne'er be heard again.
Like sand on Brighton's billowy shore,
The pulverized fragments strew the floor.
Our hero, ere the echoes die,
Again has claimed the Speaker's eye.

Edward N. Barrett.



A SPRING SENSATION.

Who'll be the First Landlord to Start this Needed Movement?

A VETERAN OF VICISSITUDE.

MR. MADISON SQUEER (*meeting* MR. UPSON DOWNES).—Well, Upson, how goes it?

MR. UPSON DOWNES.—First rate, just at present. I'm caping for a church fair—ten per cent. commission. Blow you off to champagne if you'll come along to Del's. But I tell you, Maddy, I was almost down to bed-rock last week.

MR. MADISON SQUEER.—How was that?

MR. UPSON DOWNES.—Well, sir, I started in the first of the week with a capital of ten cents, and I made that carry me straight through to Saturday.

MR. MADISON SQUEER.—How under the sun did you manage that?

MR. UPSON DOWNES.—Little scheme of my own. Bought a pint of peanuts, took the Fifth Avenue, and ate those peanuts till a fidgety old chappie gave me a quarter to quit. Ate seven quarts of peanuts that day, and made two dollars and eleven cents. Big scheme, Maddy, if you ever get hard up. Why, I made seventy-five cents just dropping the shells in Roscoe Conkling's lap.



ACCIDENTALLY, of course, imitations are placed in flask-shaped bottles, and are wrapped in blue paper. Avoid these, and look out for the **RED TRADE-MARK LABEL** adopted to meet frauds.

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ON THE VERANDAS.

[From the *St. Augustine Venus*.]

Evidently they were from New York.

"Her figure, Jack! Lithe and graceful, and, sir, did you ever get a good look into those fathomless eyes of hers? Yes? Well, you are braver than I am! I am honestly afraid to look into their dark depths; and such perfectly white teeth!"

"I suppose you know how she came by them?"

"Nature endowed her with them, of course."

"There's where you are wrong, my dear fellow!"

"You don't mean—you would not insinuate that—"

"Oh, no, sir; they are not store teeth!"

"Then what do you mean?"

"They are simply polished."

"Polished! How is it done—with a woolen rag and some sort of paste and power?"

"Simply with a little brush—the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher."

"By George! Do you know I wondered—" 18 Polishers, boxed, 25 cents. Imperishable Holder, 35 cents. Dealers or mailed. HORSEY MFG. CO., Utica, N. Y.

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Rein Holder Co., Holly, Michigan.

If a watched pot never boils, it is probably the fault of the fire.—Puck. The fire ought to be good, for the "watched pot" generally has the proper number of chips.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An exchange states that the use of slang among girls is on the increase. Then the girls must get up earlier in the morning and go to bed later in the evening than they used to.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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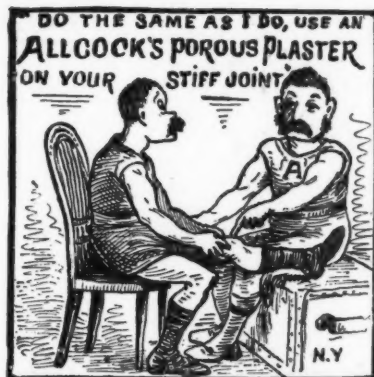
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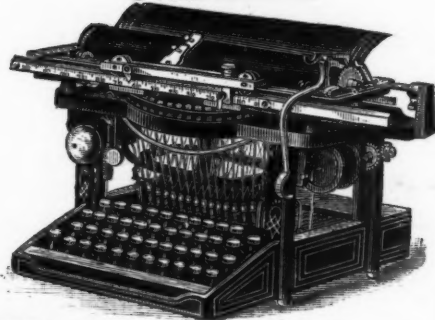
S. BISHOP MARKS, Secretary of the Olympic Athletic Club, writes:

"New York, May 19, 1886.

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A KNOTTY QUESTION.

An Everett debating society is discussing the question as to which is the madder—the husband who goes home and finds that dinner is n't ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does n't go home? It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.—*Boston Courier.*

HIS CONDITION IN LIFE.

FIRST FLIRT.—That handsome man is an acquaintance of yours, I see.

SECOND FLIRT.—Yes, I have known him for some time.

"Is he married or unmarried?"

"He's a drummer."—*Omaha World.*

MOTTO of the N. Y. Sun: "It's better to be wrong than to be prescient."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THINGS always look rather blew after a cyclone.—*Ottawa (Kan.) Local News.*



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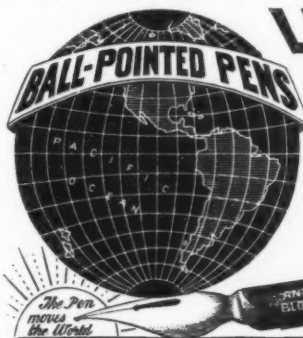


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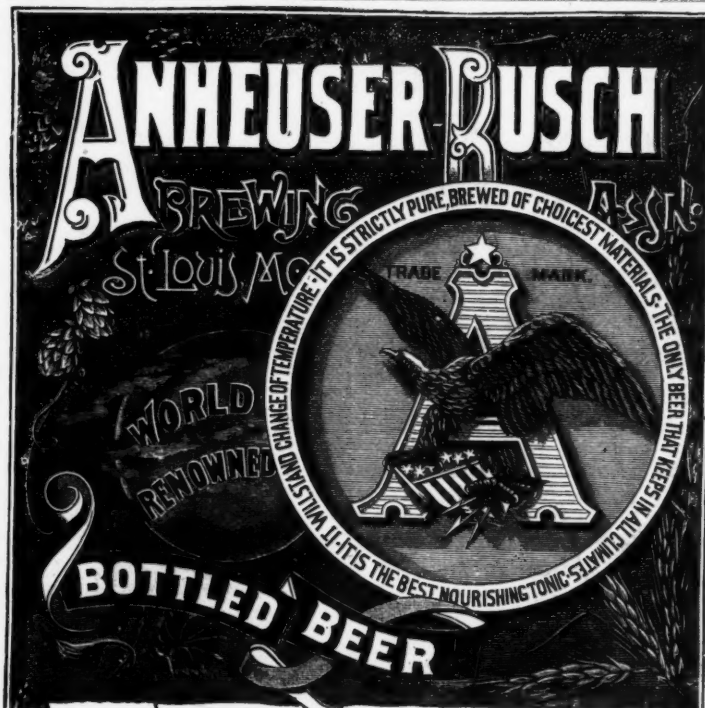
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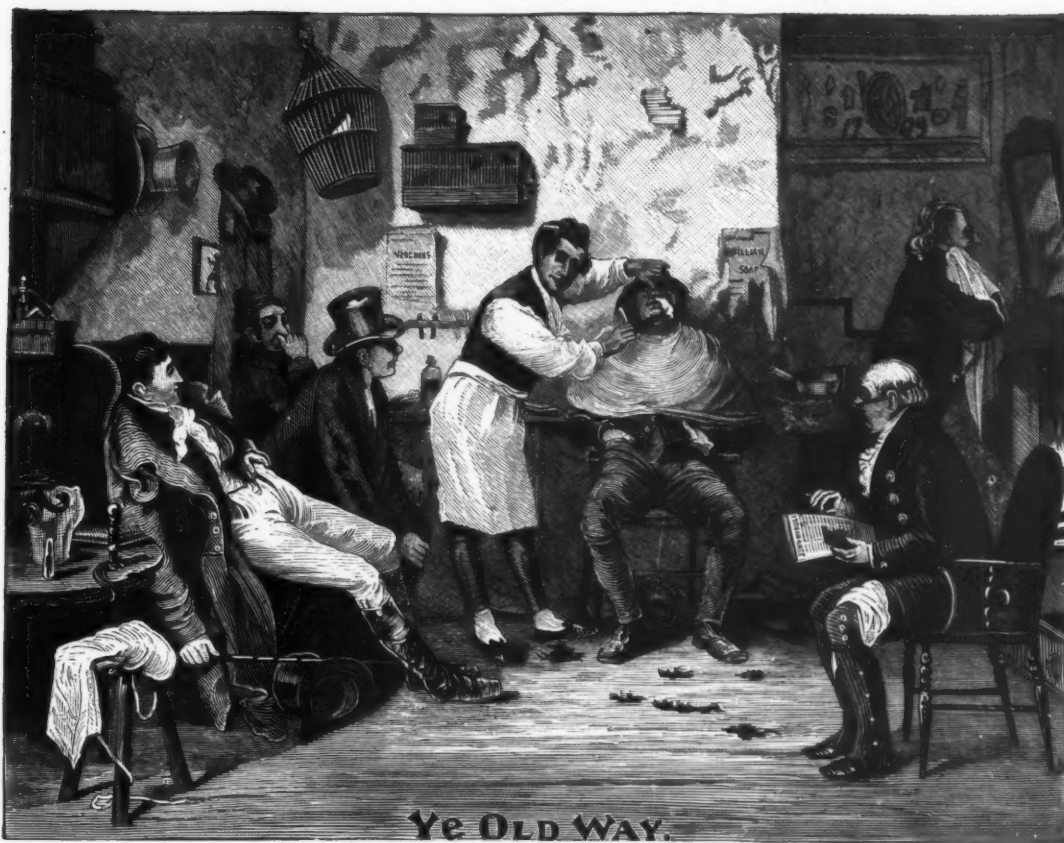
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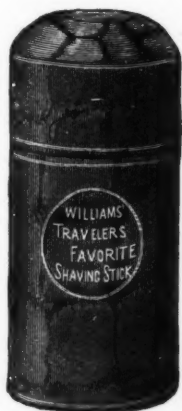
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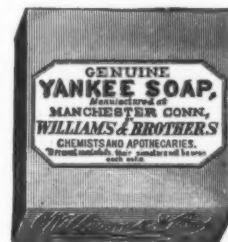
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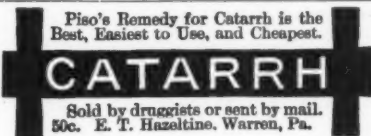
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POET (to Editor).—I'll have to raise my prices, sir. I'm a medium, now, and I've got Goethe doing my writing for me.



MISTRESS.—Why are so many dikes being broken, Delia? DELIA (a Medium).—'T is the spirit of Marie Antoinette Oi have doin' me wur-er-k, ma'am; an' she do be a bit awkward wid it at furs, ma'am!



CHORUS OF UNEMPLOYED THIRSTYANS.—This spirit business will be the ruin of the profeshn!

The Spiritualistic Tiansia and her Dage.

A BIG BOOM IN SPIRITS.—HOW THEY WILL BE UTILIZED WHEN WE ALL BECOME "MEDIUMS."

CAR-DRIVER (on road).—Since Oi'm a medium, 't is a soft job Oi have, wid Vanderbilt's ghost drivin' fer me!

MANAGER.—Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. McCormick is ill; but, as I am a medium, I have induced the spirit of Spartacus to wind up with Mr. Murphy, in order not to disappoint you!

